

The Critic

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Literature

Laurence Oliphant *

THE SUBJECT of this memoir was one of the most extraordinary characters of the generation which is just passing away, and now after his death he is more fortunate in his biographer than many greater men. Mrs. Oliphant brings to her task not only trained talent, but an affectionate appreciation of her cousin's many lovable qualities; and when she is obliged to deal with that other side which perplexed and baffled all his friends, she states the facts as clearly as she can, while confessing that she is unable to offer any adequate explanation. Laurence Oliphant, an only child, was born at Cape Town in 1829, his father being a Scotch gentleman of good family and moderate fortune, who was then Attorney-General at the Cape and afterwards Chief-Justice of Ceylon. Of systematic education the boy had very little, but he grew up among surroundings which stimulated his keen and restless intelligence as the tropical sun fosters all rich and luxuriant growths. By the time he was sixteen he had already been twice to England, and was thinking of going up to Cambridge, when his father obtained a two years' leave of absence, and promptly decided that an 'education by contact' with the world would be much better for his son, who forthwith left his tutor, and with his parents—travelling by carriage, in the leisurely fashion of the day—went through Germany, Switzerland, the Tyrol and Italy, where they arrived in 1847, and found themselves on the eve of a revolution. This delighted Laurence, who was all his life a stormy petrel; and one evening in Rome he joined a roaring mob, and soon found himself in the front rank, helping to tear down the coat-of-arms from the door of the Austrian Legation, to crown a street bonfire—an achievement on the part of the son of an official belonging to a neutral power which was calculated to make the hairs of his father's ermine stand on end.

At the age of nineteen he was back in Ceylon again, his father's secretary and soon a barrister; and he said later that he had been engaged in twenty-three murder cases before he was as many years old. The work during this time was not hard, while the play was varied and interesting—now junketing with English dignitaries, again travelling with native princes; the natural consequence being that when he went back to England at twenty-three, to 'eat his terms' and practice law, he found it impossible to settle down in London or Edinburgh. A book called 'The Russian Shores of the Black Sea,' which he published in 1854 as the result of a vacation journey in Southern Russia, won immediate attention in England, which was then on the verge of the Crimean War; but the next bound of this 'rolling stone' carried him over to this country as private secretary to Lord Elgin, and for ten years afterwards his life was like the most improbable of sensational novels. In Canada, at twenty-five, he was made Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs; but returning to Europe in a few months, he rushed at once into the thick of the fight in the Crimea; in 1856 he

came very near joining Walker's filibustering expedition into Nicaragua; in 1857 he set out with his old friend and chief, Lord Elgin, on his mission to China; in 1860 we find him dining with Cavour and camping with Garibaldi; in 1861, as First Secretary of the Legation to Japan, he was wounded in the well-known night attack on the Legation at Yeddo; and in 1862 he was travelling with the Prince of Wales from Vienna to Corfu. Excursions into Herzegovina and the Abruzzi, into Poland at the time of the insurrection, and into Schleswig-Holstein when Denmark and Prussia were quarrelling over that land like dogs over a bone, brought him back into England; and here we may best quote his biographer:—

He was now, in 1864, when he returned to England from the battle which decided the fate of Schleswig-Holstein, a man of thirty-five, in the height of life and faculty, with an extraordinary knowledge of the world and of mankind. The reader may think, perhaps, that such experiences as those of Japan and Circassia were not entirely adapted to form him for the localities of Mayfair and St. Stephen's. It must, however, be remembered that between his journeys there had interposed on many occasions a slice of society, usually at its most animated and gayest moment; that he knew everybody at home as well as abroad,—British Ministers as well as Chinese mandarins, literary circles as well as political, and fashionable circles better than either; that he had friends everywhere among both small and great, and was acquainted with English life to its depths, but especially with the representative classes which we call 'the world,'—and in which the brightest intelligence and grace, as well as the most perfect frivolity and foolishness are to be found.

All those who knew Oliphant well at that time agree in saying that he was wonderfully attractive and interesting. Like Ulysses, he was a part of all that he had met. To the tact of a man of the world he united a charm of manner which made him a most agreeable companion; and although he was a master of some subjects, and could talk brilliantly on many, he never seized the conversation; and he rode no hobby. In 1865 he was returned to Parliament for the Stirling burghs, and began to publish in *Blackwood* his satirical novel of society, 'Piccadilly,' which attracted unusual attention. It seemed as if the path to distinction and power lay straight before him, and yet he was about to leave it and go out into the wilderness.

So far we have only touched on one side of his nature, but there was another, equally strong, which was now to have the upper hand. His mother, whom he dearly loved, was a deeply religious woman of Evangelical views, and from his childhood she had encouraged him to introspection and self-questioning. When they were apart his letters to her were full of the mental analysis which she anxiously required, and it is easy to see that he got from her that intense and even morbid mental self-consciousness which is often so marked in the Scottish race. It is not certain when Laurence Oliphant first met Thomas Lake Harris, an Anglo-American religious enthusiast, but in 1865 they had already known each other for several years. It is hard to form a clear idea of what manner of man Harris really was. He is best known through his greatest disciple or dupe, and according as Oliphant successively considered himself the one or the other, we see the figure of the prophet, first through a cloud of incense, and later through a mist of anger. The truth seems to be that he deceived himself as well as others, but took care not to carry conviction to the point of self-sacrifice. He seems to have been a sort of Swedenborgian, but his strength lay, not in his doctrine, but in his power to inspire unquestioning faith and exact blind obedience. Already in 1865 his influence over Oliphant was so great that he, who had all his life hoped to make a name in the House of Commons, disappointed all his friends, did nothing, and saw himself classed as 'a Parliamentary failure.' Finally, after two years' struggle, he gave up everything for which men care, and came out, followed later by his mother, to a little settlement called Brocton, in Western New York, where he was as one lost to the civilized world. The life here was not an ideal communism, as

* Memoir of the Life of Laurence Oliphant and of Alice Oliphant, his Wife. By Margaret Oliphant W. Oliphant. 7s. Harper & Bros.

at Brook Farm, but an association of fanatics, sternly ruled by a hard master. Part of the discipline lay in the severance of natural ties, so that Lady Oliphant, who adored her son, was not allowed to see him for months, and in order to 'repress personality,' he, who was welcome at every court in Europe, was made an indifferent teamster, or set to selling strawberries along the railway line. With a temperament capable of such self-effacement, had Oliphant belonged to the older faith, he would have become a fervent missionary or an ecstatic monk; but the strange thing was that after three years of this life, he suddenly re-appeared in London and took his place again in the world; with this difference, however, that he considered himself sent as a further trial of faith.

In 1870 he was with the German Army in France as the *Times* correspondent, and the next year he met in Paris the charming woman whom he married. She was a Miss le Strange; and, as Mrs. Oliphant says of her without exaggeration:—'She was one of the most perfect flowers of humankind, a young woman of an ancient and long-established race, with all the advantages of fine and careful training, and that knowledge from her cradle of good society, good manners, and notable persons, which is an advantage beyond all estimation to the mind qualified to profit by it.' The portrait which forms the frontispiece to the second volume gives an idea of her gentle dignity, but no likeness can suggest her voice, which was spoken music. When Harris—or 'Father,' as his disciples called him—had been brought to consent to their marriage, Oliphant carried his young wife out to Brocton; and then began a life of physical privation and of mental torture which lasted for seven years. During much of this time their tyrant kept them apart, she living with Lady Oliphant at Brocton or in California, and he wandering between Europe and this country. He was much in New York during the winters of 1876 and 1877, and to those who knew him well his mental attitude was infinitely pathetic. On every subject outside his strange faith there could be no question as to his absolute sanity and power of mind; but when he spoke of his inner life it was with a certain eagerness, as though he required to assure himself of what he believed. At last the scales fell from his eyes. No one ever knew what caused him to lose faith in Harris, but he did, and in 1880 husband and wife came together again. We have so far outrun our space that we can only say a word of the last quiet happy years in Syria. They were very few, for in 1886 Alice Oliphant died and her husband was left, like Cardyle, with the light of his life gone out. Those few among his old friends who saw him when he was last here in the spring of 1888 noticed a great change in him, so that his death in October of that year was no surprise.

Laurence Oliphant left behind him nothing so good as what died with him; but we can heartily recommend this book to all who want more knowledge of a strange life and a delightful personality.

Max Müller's "Physical Religion"*

IN 'PHYSICAL RELIGION,' the veteran scholar Max Müller presents anew his favorite theories, with amazing resources and prodigious learning. He gives us a good antidote to the over-doses of Spencerian philosophy from which so many young men suffer. His is the cautious and scientific spirit that frankly confesses limitation and ignorance, measuring our sure knowledge day by day like the merchant who takes account of stock frequently. Our theories of man's origins and processes of growth in civilization may be upset any morning by the results of spade work. He will not allow that all of man's ideas of religion arose from indigestion during sleep, or from shadows. Those who are all the time discovering that Christianity had its origin in Buddhism will find little comfort here. In one sense this course of lectures, delivered on the Gifford founda-

tion before the University of Glasgow early in 1890, complements the author's course on natural religion. On the general basis of language and primitive literature, he considers religion, not indeed as of supernatural origin, nor yet as the results of blots on the brain. Religion is universal, and not confined to one race or temperament; it is natural. Mythologies growing up in various parts of the world and in various ages are 'perfectly natural.'

Prof. Müller deals minutely with the Veda and early religion of India, making this his favorite study a basis for the comparative study of other religions. He will accept no other data than those of language and primitive literature; the later scholastic theories spun by aliens before their study tables being to him only as the cunning dreams of Euhemerus. The highest achievements are connected by a continuous growth from the meanest beginnings, and religion is not exempt in its development from the law of evolution. In a word, he discards the miraculous but accepts the divine. The Bible is not supernaturally inspired, he holds, but is of priceless value. 'The Old Testament can only be looked upon as a strictly historical book by the side of other historical books. It can claim no privilege before the tribunal of history—nay, to claim such a privilege would be to really deprive it of the high position which it justly holds among the most valuable monuments of the distant past.' His account of fire and wind in the Vedic, Jewish and other religions is of great interest, and in parts as fascinating as a novel. The volume affords a most interesting picture of the mind of man in the early ages of the world, when confronted by the phenomena of nature. It is also a good specimen of earnest research after facts, psychological, anthropological and physical. Packed with most interesting and suggestive material to the teacher of religion, with the history of scholarship, with substance for intelligent conversation, it is a massive work of learning put into winning and readable form.

Goldwin Smith on "The Canadian Question"*

'THE CANADIAN QUESTION' is, of course, the question whether Canada shall remain a British dependency, or become an independent commonwealth, or join the United States in an equal and honorable union. Subsidiary to this, but of more immediate importance, is the question whether Canada and the United States, remaining in their present political status, shall enter upon a system of commercial reciprocity, and, if so, to what extent. These questions,—for, as will be seen, there are many comprised under one head,—are all treated in Professor Smith's latest volume with the clearness and force which belong to all his writings. His own opinion is not disguised. He holds that Canada's natural place is with the American Union, from which she has been severed by a series of accidents unlucky for all concerned,—for the mother country as well as for her colonies. If the secession at the time of the American Revolution had included the whole of British North America, it is likely that the war between the revolted colonies and the mother land would not have been renewed thirty years later, and that a jealous French nationality would not have grown up to complicate the politics of the continent.

Discussing what might have been, under other antecedents, is seldom a very satisfying occupation. But Prof. Smith has made his work interesting by a series of studies of the several Canadian Provinces and their different histories, which have incident and variety enough to be, under his skilful touch, highly entertaining. He knows how to avoid that slough of boredom, the endeavor to 'say everything'; and his light and discursive method of narrative and description carries the reader pleasantly along with him. A whole history, or the result of a whole series of statistics, is sometimes summed up in an image or a sentence,—as when we are told that the Province of Quebec is a surviving offset

* *Physical Religion*. By F. Max Müller. \$3. Longmans, Green & Co.

* *Canada and the Canadian Question*. By Goldwin Smith. \$2. Macmillan & Co.

of the France of the Bourbons, and that 'its character has been perpetuated by isolation, like the form of an antediluvian animal preserved in Siberian ice'—or, in speaking of the number of Canadians now in the American Republic, whose presence should make a war impossible, that 'on the Pacific coast of the United States a British shell could scarcely burst without striking a Canadian home.'

The book is unfortunately disfigured by that curious antipathy to Mr. Gladstone and Home Rule which seems to turn up in the writings of Prof. Smith as inevitably and sometimes as comically as King Charles's head in Mr. Dick's memorials. On the present occasion its appearance strikes one as singularly malapropos. In denouncing violently the proposal to grant to Ireland a legislature for local purposes, while in the same breath he advocates the complete separation of Canada from the British Empire, the author manages to give an air of crotchety to his essay, which seriously injures its effect.

"Paris of To-day" *

'PARIS OF TO DAY' is no doubt like enough to Babylon of yesterday or Athens of 500 B.C., Parisians, Babylonians, and Athenians having a fundamental resemblance resting on a common human nature. Babylon had its hanging-gardens as well as its boulevards, and Athens revelled in 'Jockey Clubs' (*alias* Olympic Games), *cocottes* (called *hetairai*), *ateliers* and sculpture-galleries like its sister on the Seine. Semiramis and Catherine de Medicis are not so unlike that they cannot be compared, nor are Plato and Pascal incomparably far apart. Philippe Égalité is Sardanapalus in a wig, and Diogenes snarled more wittily than even Voltaire; while Athenian and Babylonian salons were doubtless full of élite intelligences assembled to hear news of the last campaign of Cyrus, discuss the newest additions to Assur-ban-ipo's brick library, or carp at the bombast of Darius's great inscription, that Napoleon-like Arch of Triumph of the Star of ancient Assyria. Did not Mlle. de Scudéry write 'Le Grand Cyrus,' and can one touch a play of Molière or Racine without hollow echoes of Aristophanes and Euripides resounding from within, *à la* Trajan horse?

Mr. Kaufmann is a Danish student of to-day's Paris as it twinkles before his eyes in all its myriad and unnoticed faces and phases,—street Paris, salon Paris, exposition Paris, the Paris of Sorbonne and *cercle*, of workshop and dance-hall, of market and laboratory, of university and café. He is acutely alive to the charm of all this, and is in harmony with what he describes. The Danes have always been reproached with being half-French; hence the sympathy between the nationalities. The Danish women, like the Viennese, dress charmingly, have a coquetry and grace altogether Gallic, and delight in being told that they are like the French. Perhaps this accounts for the full and lively appreciation of 'Tout Paris' shown by a Dane in this richly illustrated book. In it he follows Paris from the cradle to the grave as it surges through the streets, on foot, in cabs and omnibuses, on both river-banks, at soirées and funerals, among the nurses and children, at dinner, in Bohemia, in the green-room, among the jars and jellies, the concoctions and confections of the cuisine,—'all about and everywhere' his indefatigable 'trot-trot' follows the indefatigable Parisian. Nearly every page has a picture of him or his wife or his children, and their haunts and habits peep out of every line. Perhaps some day a papyrus or a *codex* will reveal Athens or Babylon to us in the same circumstantial way, and we shall see Athenian and Babylonian *bacilli* wriggling under the prehistoric microscope! Bacillus, not Bacchus, is now the god, no longer 'unknown,' to whom altars on every highway are rising! Not only the author but the translator of this graphic and entertaining book is of Danish birth.

* Paris of To-day. Translated from the Danish of Richard Kaufmann by O'gea Flinch. 3s. Cassell Publishing Co.

Ireland and London under Elizabeth *

'IRELAND UNDER ELIZABETH and James the First' (1) is composed of an introduction, six articles and an appendix. One of the six articles is by Edmund Spenser, four are by Sir John Davies, and one by Fynes Moryson. The appendix contains accounts of the Geraldines, the O'Neils and the administration of Lord Mountjoy (1599-1603). It would be impossible in the limits of this review to speak fully of all, or indeed of any one of these six contributions to the history of Ireland. They are all contemporaneous documents giving valuable information about the Ireland and the Irish of Elizabeth's time. The austerity which, as Prof. Morley remarks, may be observed in 'The Fairie Queene' is far more evident in Spenser's 'View of Ireland.' He advocates the use of the sword. 'How then,' says Eudoxius, 'is the reformation thereof to begin, if not by laws and ordinances?' 'Even by the sword,' answers Iraneus. 'Thereby he hoped to settle "an eternal peace," which "must be brought in by a strong hand, and so continued until it grew into a steadfast course of government."' Such is the view of the poet from whom we expect not severity but mildness; not what is arbitrary, but what is liberal. Such, too, has been, and such is, the policy of England. The world knows well the results of such a policy. Much interesting and curious information is to be found in the four articles which were written by Sir John Davies. The most important is his 'Discovery of the True Causes why Ireland Was Never Entirely Subdued till the Beginning of His Majesty's Reign.' This is one of the best things in English political literature. Sir John was a great man in his day, and it is not unlikely that his literary gifts were the cause of his preferment to high position, for his 'Nosce Teipsum,' which was published in 1599 and dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, secured her favorable notice; and, in 1603, at the accession of James, that monarch, himself a genuine though a pedantic lover of learning and genius, hailed him as the author of that noble poem, and appointed him Solicitor-General of Ireland. In 1606 he became Attorney-General for Ireland, was knighted and made Sergeant at Law. His services were of the utmost importance, and Lord Salisbury and the Lord Chancellor took counsel with him upon their measures which were to be carried out for the plantation of Ulster. Until the year 1615 he continued to fill high office in Ireland; then, returning to England, he became a Member of Parliament. Had he lived, no doubt the office of Chief Justice would have crowned his life, but in 1626 he was carried off by apoplexy. The 'Description of Ireland' herein contained is appended to Moryson's 'History of Ireland from 1599-1603,' and contains many things which are well worth the reading.

Another number in the Carisbrooke Library is John Stowe's 'Survey of London' (2), written in 1598. The texts have been carefully compared, and the result is an edition which is probably the best. Stowe appended to his 'Survey' the Latin text of Fitzstephen's account of London in the twelfth century, and Prof. Morley has given it to us in English. Fitzstephen was a clerk in the service of Thomas à Becket, at whose murder he was present; and his Life of Becket was prefaced with this 'Description of the Most Noble City of London.' His discourse is contained under ten heads, the most interesting of which is that of 'Sports.' 'When the great fen, or moor, which watereth the walls of the city on the north side is frozen, many young men play upon the ice; some, striding as wide as they may, do slide swiftly: others make themselves seats of ice as great as millstones; * * * some tie bones to their feet, and under their heels; and shoving themselves by a little picked staff, do slide as swiftly as a bird flieth in the air, or an arrow out of a cross-bow.' This use of the primitive skate may still be seen in Norway, the 'little picked staff' being shod with sharp iron or some other metal. The description of the wards of London is

* 1. Ireland under Elizabeth and James I. 2. London under Elizabeth. 3s. each. (Carisbrooke Library.) George Routledge & Sons.

of great antiquarian value. Westminster Hall, the Abbey, the Temple Church and the Charterhouse are spoken of with delightful minuteness. Few books lately printed will better reward the reader if he have a taste for 'the spacious days of great Elizabeth.'

"Disillusion"—by Translation *

NOW THAT we have International Copyright, one need no longer consider the propriety of forming a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Authors, with power to protect them from incompetent translators. When Thackeray translates Béranger, or when Mr. James or Mr. Sturges (to go no farther afield) puts Guy de Maupassant into English, we feel that we are in the hands of men who not only understand the words of the original text, but are able to appreciate and render, so far as may be in an unfriendly tongue, the author's style. But, as a rule, anyone who is armed with self-confidence and a French dictionary thinks himself able to put into English works written in a language in which style is more important, and more considered, than in any other. Besides his rank as a poet, François Coppée stands in the little group of living masters of French prose, whose acknowledged head is Ernest Renan; but we should be sorry to have anyone attempt to judge of his quality by the translation before us. The original of 'Disillusion,' which is called simply 'Toute Une Jeunesse,' is a sort of fanciful autobiography, in which, as he says in the preface, 'an imaginary personage in imaginary surroundings feels life as I felt it when a child, and as a young man.'

The charm of the book consists largely in its graceful and rhythmical style, but of that the translator gives us nothing. It is easy enough to laugh when, in one of the lighter passages, we find 'un drôle de petit museau' rendered as 'a jolly little muzzle,' or 'un dimanche humineux' as 'a luminous Sunday'; and it would not be worth while wasting time on this particular translation were it not a fair specimen of what foreign authors and American readers have to suffer. One of the most charming passages is a description of a happy Sunday in the country spent by the hero's father and his young wife, the last sentences of which run: 'Comme il l'aime! Mon Dieu, comme il l'aime! Il lui semble que son amour pour sa Lucie est immense et profond comme la nuit. "Personne sur le chemin—donne ta bouche, ta chère bouche"! Et leurs baisers sont si doux, si purs, si sincères, qu'ils doivent réjouir les étoiles.' When we find given as an equivalent for this passage:—'How he loves her! Good God, how he loves her! It seems to him that his love for his Lucie is as immense and deep as the night. "There is no one on the road—put up thy mouth, thy dear mouth"! And their kisses are so sweet, so pure, so trusting, that the angels should rejoice as they look down upon them'—we feel as though a snail were crawling over a rose.

Minor Notices

A NEW EDITION of Prof. Charles F. Richardson's 'American Literature: 1607-1885' presents that valuable work in a handier form than it first appeared in, three years since. By using thinner paper, it has been found possible to compress the two volumes into one of convenient size, whose nearly 1000 pages—thanks to the large, clear type employed—are very easily legible. We noticed this history and criticism when it was new, and we are still of the opinion that it possesses great merit as a book of reference and guide for general readers and young students. Its proper place is beside the Stedman-Hutchinson 'Library of American Literature.' Mr. Richardson is an appreciative critic of the literary product of the United States, but he does not fall into the error of proclaiming its virtues with noisy emphasis. This Popular Edition should be popular in fact as well as in name: we believe it will find many readers. (\$3.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—WHOEVER DEALS in books, whether old or new, must find much to interest him in 'The Directory of Second-Hand Booksellers and List of Public Libraries,' edited and published by James Clegg of Wet Rake, Rochdale, England. For there is more in it

* Disillusion; or, The Story of Amédée's Youth. By François Coppée. Trans. by E. P. Robins. \$1.50. George Routledge & Sons.

than its title indicates—more, even, than the lists of British publishers, of book auctioneers, and of collectors at home and abroad, which supplement the lists of booksellers and libraries. There are keys to the real names of anonymous and pseudonymous writers, and of authors who have written over their own or assumed initials; a glossary of technical terms used in literature and the book- and printing-trades; a list of abbreviations in common use, together with their meaning; a list of journals of the book-trade; several pages of notes on autographs; and information on a hundred and one other matters of interest to persons whose work or pleasure brings them into contact with books. The volume is very neatly got up, and being now in its third edition is presumably free from the errors that may have marred its earliest issue. (Brentano's.)

THE LATEST ISSUE in the American Statesmen Series is 'Lewis Cass,' by Andrew C. McLaughlin, Assistant Professor of History in the University of Michigan. It opens with an account of the 'Old Northwest,' in which Cass's public career had its commencement, then sketches his early life and his work in Ohio and Michigan, while the remainder of the book is devoted to his career in the wider field of national politics. Mr. McLaughlin has sought materials for the biography wherever they could be found; but he does not after all tell us so much about Cass himself as might have been expected, a large part of the volume being occupied by the political and social background on which the picture is drawn. Of Cass himself it is impossible to say much that is favorable. The character of a 'doughface' is not very interesting at the present day, and Cass was one of the worst of that class. He opposed the Wilmot Proviso in order to win the favor of the South, and he devised and advocated the doctrine of 'squatter sovereignty' in the Territories for the same purpose; his object in both cases being to gain the Presidency. Another defect in his political character was a silly hatred of England, which showed itself on every possible occasion. His biographer endeavors to excuse some of his faults, but is obliged to admit that many of his acts were unworthy of a statesman. His best work was probably done in the Governorship of Michigan Territory, an office which he held for many years in the prime of life, and which he seems to have filled with both vigor and discretion. On the whole, however, the impression of him which this book leaves is an unpleasant one, and we certainly hope that he will have no imitators. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

ONE OF OUR colored citizens, Mr. J. Garland Penn of Lynchburg, Va., has issued a work on 'The Afro-American Press,' giving an account of the achievements of his race in journalism. It begins with the establishment of *Freedom's Journal*, the first paper edited by a colored man in America, and which appeared in New York City more than sixty years ago; and then traces the growth of the colored men's journalism down to the present time, when it is represented by more than one hundred and fifty papers of various kinds published in all parts of the country. The accuracy of the book we have no means of testing; but it is written in a plain and straightforward style, with little of that inflated rhetoric in which writers of the African race are apt to indulge; though its praises of colored journalists cannot but seem extravagant to impartial readers. Besides tracing the history of the rise and fall of the newspapers belonging to the colored race, Mr. Penn gives brief biographies of their editors and other principal writers, including not a few colored ladies; and the book is illustrated with a large number of portraits, which will add to its popularity among those for whom it was chiefly written. We are glad to see the enterprise and intelligence manifested by our colored citizens in journalism; yet they must not rate their present success too highly, but strive ever to do better until their journalistic work is on a level with that of the white race. (Springfield, Mass.: Wiley & Co.)

'PROBLEMS OF THE NEW LIFE,' by Morrison I. Swift, is a series of chapters on the moral and economic questions of the day. Mr. Swift is an advocate of many of the economic changes that are now so widely talked of, and favors strikes, eight-hour laws, government ownership of railroads, etc. The greater part of his book, however, is devoted to the discussion of moral and educational questions, which Mr. Swift recognizes as the main problems of human life to-day. He upbraids the churches for their sins and deficiencies, while at the same time affirming that Christianity, if rightly interpreted and applied, contains all that is essential for the moral regeneration of the world. He has a low opinion, too, of the colleges, maintaining that their professors and students are usually animated by sordid motives. He insists strongly on the duty of brain-workers to preserve their health, and maintains that everyone ought to do some muscular labor. On the whole, his book is

a rather curious one; yet it has some excellent points, and not a few of its strictures are well deserved. (\$1. Ashtabula, Ohio: M. I. Swift.)—OUR YOUNG STUDENTS of history and economics seem to have a special fondness for the dryest and most uninteresting subjects, and too often their mode of treatment corresponds with the character of their subject. We have now before us a pamphlet on 'The History of Tariff Administration in the United States,' by John Dean Goss, which is of the kind we have spoken of, and which can only be read as a task. It contains, nevertheless, a good deal of information on the subject in hand, evidently collected with care and likely to be of use to the few who may have occasion to seek it. Mr. Goss begins with an account of the way customs were collected in colonial times and then traces the history of the subject down to the present day, making in all quite an elaborate monograph. He expresses the opinion that our mode of collecting duties, though it has been somewhat improved, is not even yet satisfactory either to the Government or to the importers. (50 cts. Columbia College.)

UNDER THE NAME of 'Chamber Comedies,' Mrs. Hugh Bell has published a collection of little plays, farces and monologues, professedly intended for the drawing-room only, and therefore exempt from serious criticism. As might be expected, the inexperience of the author is most apparent in her most ambitious efforts, and especially in the crudeness of her methods of construction. Her plots are of the most transparent description, and her personages come and go in the most convenient fashion, without reference to anything but the immediate necessities of the scene. She is not without perception of what is needed to make an effective theatrical situation, but she has not learned how to arrange her conditions so that they must coöperate logically to bring about a crisis, or how to deal with her crisis when she has got it. Her pieces cannot be called dramatic in the proper sense at all, being really stories told in the shape of dialogue, and much more fitted for reading than acting purposes. A practised playwright might make something out of 'The Public Prosecutor' (the idea of which is taken from Boisgobey) and there is humor, albeit of a somewhat familiar type, in 'A Woman of Culture.' 'A Modern Locusta' is a not very successful attempt to illustrate the virtue of charity. 'A Chance Interview' is a smoothly written comedietta, but is far too long, as, indeed, are many of the other pieces. The farces and monologues possess no conspicuous merit. Why 'L'Indécis' should have been written in French is not clear. The volume contains some light reading for an idle half-hour, but cannot be said to supply any great public want. (\$2. Longmans, Green & Co.)

'A BOX OF MONKEYS, and Other Farce-Comedies,' by Grace Livingston Furniss, is a title which carries its own explanation with it—or as much explanation as is possible in the case—a farce-comedy that could be explained or described would not be a farce-comedy at all. All that need be said about the four which Miss Furniss has written is that they are quite as lawless and as reckless in their conception as any of those with which the local stage has been afflicted of late, and are fully equal to them in literary or dramatic value. So far as printing and paper are concerned they are presented in unexceptionable shape. (\$1. Harper & Bros.)

AN INTERESTING addition to historical literature is a 'Chronicle of King Henry VIII. of England,' written in Spanish by an unknown hand, translated with notes and introduction by Mr. M. A. S. Hume. It was discovered in 1873, and appears to have been written about the middle of the sixteenth century in Belgium, where the author had doubtless taken refuge from the persecutions of the time in England. He was evidently an eye-witness of much that he relates, and his style is peculiarly artless and unconventional. The translator has endeavored, and not unsuccessfully, to preserve its blunt simplicity as far as possible. The full index is a commendable feature of the book. (60 cts. Chas. Scribner's Sons.)—'FAMOUS GOLF LINKS,' by Horace G. Hutchinson and others, describing noted grounds for playing the Scottish game in its native land, as well as in England, the Isle of Jersey, Pau, and Canada, will have but little interest for any but experts, though pleasant descriptions of scenery are interspersed in the book, with many excellent full-page illustrations of the localities and smaller woodcuts in the text. The typographical execution is elegant throughout. (\$2. Longmans, Green & Co.)

'POLITICS AND PROPERTY,' by Slack Worthington, adds another to the many attempts now making to settle the questions of the time by a few legislative enactments. The author's remedies for the political and economic evils which he finds in contemporary society are in the main two:—First, he would lay all taxes on property, and would make the tax a progressive one, increasing in rate with the amount of the property, the object being to prevent

the accumulation of very large fortunes in single hands. Secondly, he would restrict the right of voting to men possessing five hundred dollars' worth of property and having in addition the ability to read and write. He favors free trade, but is no friend to the 'single-tax' theory. He also advocates the speedy extension of the American Union over the whole of North America. We confess that we have no faith in his nostrums, and we doubt if their efficacy will ever be even tested. (\$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—IN FEBRUARY LAST, Postmaster-General Wanamaker addressed a letter to a committee of the United States Senate favoring the establishment by the federal Government of postal savings-banks, and this letter has now been printed, together with a good deal of descriptive matter relating to postal savings-banks in foreign countries. Mr. Wanamaker is strongly in favor of such institutions in this country; but he fails, as it seems to us, to make out his case. The great difficulty would be to find ways of investing the depositors' money, and Mr. Wanamaker does not succeed in satisfactorily meeting the difficulty. He admits that United States bonds are no longer available, and that State bonds would not do, because so many of the States have repudiated their debts; and all he suggests is that the money should be deposited in the national banks, there to earn such interest as it might. But such a proposal can hardly be deemed satisfactory. (Washington: Government Printing Office.)

'STRIKING Events in Irish History,' by Mr. C. F. Dowsett, is a good outline of the history of the unhappy island from the time when tradition begins to our own day. Eighty pages suffice to bring the chronicle down to the reign of Victoria, while nearly four hundred are devoted to more recent events. The writer is bitterly opposed to Home Rule, and his political opinions color his comments upon the facts, though they do not prevent him from stating the facts honestly. If a partisan, he means to be a fair one, giving good authority for what he asserts. Official proceedings and reports are freely cited, and the book is a convenient manual of reference on the Irish question. (\$1. New York: Brentano's.)—'BURNS and the Kirk,' by Alexander Webster, is the second edition of 'a review of what the poet did for the religious and social regeneration of the Scottish people'—a task to which the author believes that Burns 'was divinely called.' It is really a series of Sunday evening lectures on the poet as 'the prophet of religious reform, with a weighty message to the Kirk and Society.' It is a strong and earnest plea for this aspect of his work from a liberal Unitarian, who sometimes rivals Burns himself in the hot and sharp way in which he attacks the 'unco' guid' of his native land. (Twentieth Century Pub. Co.)—THE 'FAMOUS English Authors' of whom Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton tells in her usual pleasant way are Scott, Burns, Byron, Shelley, Carlyle, Tennyson, Dickens, Ruskin and Browning. Her sketches are made up of biographical details, given in a lively and attractive style, and interspersed with many apt extracts from the authors' works, and various comments and criticisms, original and selected. She thus contrives, by a skilful use of the abundant material at hand, to invest with fresh interest and charm these oft-told stories of the great makers of our nineteenth century literature. There are good portraits, but no index. (\$1.50. T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Tommaso Salvini on 'Othello.'—In an article on 'The Iago of Shakespeare' in the *Nuova Antologia* (Rome) for May, the elder Salvini incidentally questions the authenticity of one portion of 'Othello.' He says (as translated in *The Literary Digest*):—

There is one scene in the play, as it appears in the published editions, which I do not believe Shakespeare wrote. I allude to the First Scene of the Fourth Act. Othello, unseen, hears a conversation between Iago and Cassio, in which what Cassio says about Bianca is understood by Othello to refer to Desdemona, as Iago intended it should be understood. Does it appear possible that a fiery and violent man like the Moor could restrain himself while listening to the story of his dishonor from the lips of the person who had wronged him? Throughout the tragedy Othello is depicted as an impetuous man, quite incapable of self-restraint. When Iago arouses the suspicions of Othello, the latter takes Iago by the throat and nearly suffocates him. In the presence of Ludovico, Ambassador of the Venetian Republic, and cousin to Desdemona, Othello slaps his wife in the face and drives her away rudely. Can it be doubted that, if Othello had heard what Cassio said, he would have leaped forth like a tiger and strangled Cassio? For these reasons this scene is always eliminated from my representations of Othello.

Shakespeare never could have made such a mistake, especially since he found the matter of the handkerchief much better arranged in the novel of Cinthio Giraldi, from which Shakespeare's play was taken. In Giraldi, Othello is conducted by Iago to the house of Cassio, and sees

there through the window of a room level with the ground, lying on a table, a handkerchief exactly resembling that of Desdemona, but which Bianca had copied from Desdemona's and made a present of to Cassio.

That Salvini omits the greater portion of this scene is well known, and Furness, in his New Variorum edition of the play (p. 237), quotes him as justifying the omission on the same grounds as here; but that the scene is Shakespeare's is clear from internal evidence. The Italian actor might not be able to command himself in such a position, but Othello could, though the dramatist shows that it was not without a desperate effort. The Moor is ready to spring like a tiger on Cassio when Iago first suggests that he will 'make him tell the tale anew.' He goes on:—

I say, but mark his gesture. *Marry, patience;*
Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

There is no word of Othello's to call for that 'Marry, patience,' but the actor must fill the gap with look and gesture more eloquent than language. The Moor checks himself, and we understand why:—

Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But—dost thou hear?—most bloody.

And Iago knows how much this means, as his reply assures us:—

That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all.

Note also the dialogue between Iago and Othello after Cassio has gone out. I need not comment upon it.

The Author of 'Obiter Dicta' on Shylock.—Dr. Furnivall has sent me 'The Book of the Fair,' a handsomely printed and illustrated brochure got up in connection with a fair in aid of a London synagogue. A noteworthy contribution is an article on Shylock by the author of 'Obiter Dicta' (Mr. Birrell), in the merry vein of his essay on Falstaff. He proposes 'to treat the character of Shylock as if Shakespeare were not an inspired writer,' suggesting incidentally that 'the people who say, or repeat the saying, that Shylock is a great creation, do not for the most part know how great a creation it is.' He assumes that the Jews having been expelled from England, by Edward I., and the decree of banishment not being rescinded until the Commonwealth, 'Shakespeare was introducing a specimen of a species unknown to both the author and his audience,' so that Shylock is 'a creation in the same sense that Caliban is.' Furness, however, in his New Variorum edition of the play (pp. 395-399), gives ample evidence that Jews were residing in England in the poet's time, and that he had abundant opportunities of personal acquaintance with the race.

Antonio, as a Christian lending money gratis, is pronounced 'a wildly improbable character'; and the rôle of Portia 'still more improbable, and consequently more diverting.' Her 'running' the trial was 'as impossible in Shakespeare's time as it is now':—

Imagine Mary Anderson, primed with 'lines' written for her (alas, it is difficult to imagine who could write them!), having borrowed Mr. Lockwood's wig and gown, sweeping into the Lord Chief Justice's Court, gently taking the case of the injured defendant out of the hands of the benign Chief who looks on amazed but pleased while the extortionate plaintiff is not only non-suited but committed for trial at the Old Bailey—imagine all this, and you have a modern counterpart of the glorious day's work of the breezy Portia. Here is not realism, but something much rarer and more delightful.

Shylock had good grounds for hating Antonio, who not only 'had been accustomed to spit on him—a practice which may violently stimulate even a slight antipathy' but 'had cut down his profits as a usurer by lending money without interest.' He was also at the moment 'irritated by events for which Antonio was not to blame':—

His daughter Jessica had not only eloped in a tailor-made suit with a detrimental Christian, but had carried with her quite a cargo of jewelry and ready money, and the young couple were living in Genoa on Shylock's money at the gorgeous rate of eighty ducats a night. With this respectable, old-established and one may almost say reasonable hatred, intensified by Jessica's conduct, Shylock suddenly finds himself in a position to take revenge.

But he misses that revenge, it being 'always risky to rely on a strict interpretation of the law when the Court is dead against you on the merits'; and he yields to the sentence 'without absurdity and with reasonable alacrity':—

Shylock leaves the stage promising to execute the necessary documents, and we hear no more of him. What became of him subsequently is merely matter of conjecture, but he probably accepted the inevitable and made the best of it. His baptism was performed with pomp in a historic temple, by a distinguished ecclesiastic, who knows

that there is Eternal Hope for Jews if not for publishers. His marriage later on with a Dowager Countess, who largely endowed the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews, made his social position impregnable, and the money he subsequently made by publishing a financial newspaper far exceeded anything ever acquired by him in his old profession of usury.

Magazine Notes

The New Review for July opens with a discussion of the English Free Education Bill by the Dean of St. Paul's and the Hon. E. Lyulph Stanley. Mr. Edward Clodd attacks Mr. Wallace's spiritualistic theories in an article on 'The "Spiritual Essence in Man."'. The Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman describes certain experiences of his, which prove that white slavery still exists in Constantinople—in much the same form that it does in all large cities. The Rt.-Hon. Lord Rayleigh and Mr. E. Vincent write on the lighting of London by electricity and gas. Count Tolstol denies the 'Right of Revolution,' arguing that the extreme cases supposed to call for its exercise never really happen; Francis Prevost writes wittily and incisively of the Count's countrymen and women in 'Hyperboreans of To-Day'; Camille Flammarion grows enthusiastic, as is his wont, over the project of photographing the heavens; and Henry A. Jones and Sydney Grundy, two London playwrights, write on the 'Science of the Drama'—the first leaving his subject to 'pitch into' the critics and the clergy; the second contenting himself with telling the critics what they, doubtless, have never dreamt of denying—that a play cannot exist without a plot.

Whoever would may learn the fate of that Prince of Morocco who woos Mme. Portia in 'The Merchant of Venice,' in George Fleming's clever tale in the July *Macmillan's*. But Mr. Fleming's Prince is more than an elaboration of the Shakespearian sketch: he is an independent creation, and a very interesting one. New lights are thrown, also, on Jessica and her husband, and on Christianized and beggared Shylock. Mr. L. J. Jennings's account of the late Laurence Oliphant is, mainly, a not very lucid exposition of Oliphant's relations with the mysterious Mr. Harris. Was it with malice prepense that the editor followed up this unsatisfactory article with one on the false Messiah of Smyrna in 1666, Sabathai Zevi by name? The practise of 'tipping,' giving commissions, and other gratuities, is denounced by Mr. Arthur Gage as 'Backsheesh'—a word which, we are told, may be spelled in thirteen different ways. Of the thing denoted by it there appear to be as many dozen forms. 'The Blessed Opal' is a tale of Mexican officialdom. There is an article on 'Mirabeau,' and one on 'Some Unpublished Letters of Charlotte Brontë.'

What 'A Thousand Games at Monte Carlo' can teach of the impossibility of inventing any system of gambling at such an establishment that shall be any better for the player than to trust to pure luck, is shown in Mr. W. Duppa Crotch's interesting article in the June *English Illustrated*. He notes several 'runs of luck,' but intimates his belief that the runs would be found to take place on other numbers or combinations in a second thousand games. The illustrated articles are all topographical, and deal with 'Fawksley Park,' with its quaint, carved panels and ogive window, by Lady Knightley; 'Cookham and Round About It,' by Roderick Mackenzie; 'A July Day on Dartmoor,' by R. H. McCarthy; and 'Nymegen,' by Reginald Blomfield. The fiction, which fills the balance of the number, is, with the exception of Crawford's 'Witch of Prague,' unusually dull.

The Lounger

AS NOTED in *The Critic* of July 11, a story by Miss McClelland is about to be brought out without a name, \$500 being offered in prizes to the readers who suggest the best two or three titles for the book. In an editorial headed 'Vandalism in Literature,' the *Scranton Tribune* says:—

This is but a variation of an older scheme, which was to leave the novel unfinished and offer a prize to the purchaser of the book who would suggest the correct, or the best, denouement. These catch-penny devices for furthering the sale of a book, no matter how worthy the book itself may be, amount to little less than an indignity to American literature. They place it on a level with the bean jar. He who most nearly guesses the correct number of beans contained in the jar wins the prize.

THE *Tribune* is right in protesting against this 'catch-penny device'; it is probably correct, also, in assuming that Miss McClelland parted with her work without knowing to what treatment the purchaser proposed to subject it. Such instances of vandalism in the publishing business tend to abase the literary calling in this country, at the very moment when it has been recognized by our lawmakers as a legitimate, dignified and honest one, and deserving of legal recognition and protection.

THE EDITORIAL just quoted from is doubtless to be attributed to Mr. Homer Greene, the veteran literary prize-winner, who has recently become the literary editor and book-reviewer of the *Scranton* paper in which it appeared. Perhaps the latest prize which has fallen to Mr. Greene's lot was one of \$50, offered by the McClure Syndicate a year and a half ago. 'De Quincy's Deed' was the name of the winning horse—(poem, I should have said); and I am reminded of the galloping lines of the piece by the appearance among the Bric-à-Brac in the June *Century* of a bit of verse entitled 'The March of Company A.' The motive and action of the two poems are the same. In both of them a company of soldiers are marching in the early morning to meet the enemy; in both, at a critical moment, a little child appears in the path of the troops and is in imminent danger; in both, the leader halts his men, lifts the child to the saddle, kisses her, and places her out of harm's way; then the fight goes on. In Mrs. Osgood's poem there are added some matters of description and some secondary incidents, and the versification and rhythm are somewhat different. There are no two specific lines that have close similarity, unless it may be Mrs. Osgood's 'Right in the path of Company A.' and Mr. Greene's 'Straight in the path of the charging train.' 'De Quincy's Deed' was written in February of last year; and the award, having been made about May 1, 1890, was mentioned in *The Critic* of May 10 as a piece of news. The poem was published last summer in the newspapers of the Syndicate, was copied into *Current Literature* and other periodicals, and has been published in a volume of selections. I do not for a moment accuse Mrs. Osgood of plagiarism, however; I call attention to the matter only to show how the same idea may occur to two persons unknown to each other, and be worked up in much the same language, without any thought of trespassing. Before reprinting her verses, the author of 'The March' must persuade her hero to dismount from his horse: he is leading a company of foot-soldiers.

CHICAGO BOASTS a new author—and Boston boasts that she has discovered him. As for New York, it appears that she is 'not in it' this time at all. Henry B. Fuller is the name of the new light that has just dawned upon the literary world from the direction of Lake Michigan; and 'The Chevalier of Pensiéri Vani, Together with Frequent References to the Prorege of Arcopia' is the title of the book whose appearance has made him famous—in Boston. 'The Chevalier' made his first bow to the American public about six months ago. His sponsor was Stanton Page; but the inner circle of Boston culture was so pleased with the charming traveller that 'Stanton Page' was soon confessed to be but the *nom de guerre* of Henry Fuller. Nothing was known of Mr. Fuller himself; but, thanks chiefly to the laudation of his work by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, the personality of the author soon became a matter of interest to the reading world at the Hub, and the *Evening Transcript* began to print scraps of information about him. And when a second edition of the book appeared, it bore his name upon the title-page. (For the benefit of the reader I may say that the imprint is that of J. G. Cupples, Boston.)

MISS AGNES REPPLIER—herself a delightful stylist, by the way,—writing appreciatively of 'The Chevalier' in the June *Lippincott's*, declared that the gifted young man's grandfather was a cousin of Margaret Fuller, 'though for the past fifty years the family have been settled in Chicago.' (I have always been taught to believe that in Chicago nothing is 'settled.') And the *Transcript*, a week or so since, added this bit of news and comment to what had been printed in its columns before:—

It now appears that the business office where this delightful story of Italian wanderings was written was in a Chicago street devoted to heavy hardware interests; it is said that these leisurely sentences, penetrated with the very spirit of dilettanteism and an unstudied elegance as to the manner born, were all put down at odd moments, within fifteen feet of the curbstone, to a running accompaniment of jangling street-cars and heavy trucks loaded with sheet-iron. America is a great country; Chicago may well think herself a wonderful city, when from her strenuous life are borne such sweetness and style as that of this, till yesterday, unknown writer; such serenity of literary quality and charm. The race is to the swift after all, sometimes, it seems. A Chicago man is a master of style; a literary jewel is found in a wholesale hardware place. It took Boston to discover him, however, and now, every day, New York editors are sending hither for his address.

NOT UNNATURALLY I have felt some curiosity to see whether New York was wholly blind to the merits of 'The Chevalier'; and with the help of the index to *The Critic* for Jan.-June, 1891, I have looked up the review of the book which appeared in these columns on April 4, and find in it these words:—'It is always pleasant to wander in spirit over a land so full of beauty and so replete with historical and artistic interest as Italy, with an author who knows

and appreciates it thoroughly. . . . The topics are all handled in a very graceful manner, touched by loving fingers, trained to a perfect appreciation of the happiness to be obtained in and through them. Any one to whom the beauty and interest in such things appeal will derive considerable enjoyment from this little volume.' So one New York reviewer at least had not proved insensible to the charm of this Chicago classic. It is said that the book was written without any thought of publication; which appears to have been just as well, as it is further said that it had a hard time to find a publisher. 'It was refused by most of the best publishing-houses of New York, Philadelphia and—alackaday!—Boston; then lay forgotten for two or three more years in a trunk. One luminous and historic firm quoted to its author the cost of manufacture, then refused to publish it even at his own expense.' At the author's expense it probably was published, when it at last came out, early in February. Toward the end of April the second edition appeared. And now New Yorkers as well as Cambridgeans and Bostonians are sending copies of the book to appreciative friends.

WHENEVER IT IS announced that a book after being rejected by most of the publishers has at last found some one of the fraternity to appreciate it, and that it has made a great success, every publisher's 'reader' in the land at once looks over his 'Record of MSS.' with eager eyes to see if he has been among the unwise. How deep the sigh of satisfaction he breathes if he does not find it there! And how deep the groan he involuntarily utters if he discovers that he, too, failed to see its merits or anticipate its success. It is at such moments as this that the 'reader's' lot is not a happy one.

THE ENGLISH LIBRARY—the series of English and American books to be published on the Continent in rivalry with the Tauchnitz Series—has made an auspicious start. No. 1. is 'The Light that Failed,' by Rudyard Kipling; and beneath the book's name and the author's, the light-brown cover bears the legend 'Leipzig: Heinemann & Balestier (Limited, London). Paris: Hachette et Cie.' (F. A. Brockhaus is the Library's wholesale agent at Leipzig, Vienna and Berlin.) The publishers have been so good as to send me a copy of this first volume of a series which promises to become as noted as that which bears the name of Baron Tauchnitz. The book contains 278 pages, beautifully printed on good paper, and is sold for 1 mark, 60 pfennige, or 2 francs. Mrs. Deland's 'Sidney' will follow it.

SPEAKING OF Mr. Kipling's novel reminds me of his International Copyright verses published in London in *The Author* for July, and in this country in *Harper's Weekly*. It would be hard to read a single stanza of 'Some Notes on a Bill' without thinking less of the author than you did before. As for the technique of the thing, doggerel is the only word that fits it: it is better doggerel than one might write who had never written serious verse, but it is doggerel all the same. As for its taste and temper, it is invective of the sort one might look for in the verses of a jilted fishwoman with a knack at rhyming. It is a pity that young Mr. Kipling—who has ceased to be young enough to plead the baby act any longer—had no good genius at his elbow to persuade him to destroy what he is certain some day to regret having written.

Boston Letter

ONE OF THE daintiest books to make an appearance on the bookshelves this fall will be an edition of 'A Calendar of Sonnets,' by Helen Jackson, to be published by Roberts Bros. Twenty-four appropriate vignettes have been drawn for the text by E. H. Garrett, and with these are given a series of really beautiful full-page illustrations by the Parisian artist Émile Bayard. M. Bayard has shown the twelve months with apt skill, sometimes quaintly—as in the January picture of two pretty Cupids, destitute of those furs which human beings find so necessary under similar circumstances, playing happily in a children's pearl-cave under a mass of snow,—and sometimes pathetically, as in the picture of old age cowering under the storms of December. An odd coincidence in the illustrating is noticeable in February's design. The gentle, serene young woman who hastens over the snow close to the frozen pond possesses a face bearing a wonderful resemblance to the face of the author of the sonnets. Yet M. Bayard never saw H. H., and had no thought of making a portrait.

One of Mrs. Jackson's visitors in Colorado at one time was Miss Woolsey, whom the children know as 'Susan Coolidge,' and the little ones will be pleased to learn that the incidents noted during that visit are embodied in a new *Katydid* story, the fifth.

and last of the series. The scene of the tale opens in England, but is quickly transferred to Colorado, thereby warranting its title 'In the High Valley.'

The final collection of Mrs. J. H. Ewing's stories is also to be brought out in the fall by Roberts Bros., under the title of 'Last Words,' and it will interest prospective readers to know that the last serial story which Mrs. Ewing wrote, 'Mary Meadows,' is in the volume, together with her unfinished tale of 'The Owl in the Ivy Bush.' A picture of the author with a facsimile of her autograph, as signed to one of her letters to the Boston publisher who issues the book, faces the title-page.

The third volume of Ernest Renan's 'History of the People of Israel,' covering the days from the fall of Samaria to the return from exile, is in press, and also a collection of Clyde Fitch's stories. The latter have already appeared in *The Independent* and in several English magazines, and are now collected under the title of that one called 'The Knighting of the Twins.' F. W. Bourdillon's little volume of couplet verses, all bearing upon love, ought to be mentioned among the books likely to attract the eye of the public seeking for novelties or new editions this fall. 'Shall we translate the title for the benefit of those whose knowledge of French is limited,' inquired the publishers, in their first conference about the publication of the book. 'No,' was the decisive reply from the person most interested; 'the prefatory couplet would then be completely spoiled; its suggestive thought, which is its beauty, would be stripped off.' So it stands:—

AILES D'ALOUETTE

When like a lark the soul upsprings,
Of verse she makes her airy wings.

Oh, may these verses, pair and pair,
Some heart in heavenward flight upbear.

Edmund H. Garrett has for some time been busy with a novel work that is likely to prove very attractive to art lovers when issued by Little, Brown & Co. in the fall. It is a collection of songs 'in honour of love and beauté' by authors of the Elizabethan age—Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Drummond, Lodge, Marlowe, Greene, Sidney, Carew and others—and will be generously illustrated by Mr. Garrett. His ambition, and that of the publishers, is to make a volume which will charm the eye as well as the mind, and to that end all the editions will be bound in white and gold, while the numbered copies will be printed on imperial Japan paper. A unique idea in the arrangement of the book is the series of divisions of pages, six in number, on which are printed in sepia the six characters, Grace, Love, Harmony, Revel, Sport and Laughter, from the masque of Ben Jonson, written for a Christmas revel at the Court of James I. in 1617; these will indicate the beginnings of the parts of the book. An introduction by Andrew Lang is also mentioned by the publishers as one of the 'features.'

As Mr. Edes, the Secretary of the Boston Memorial Association, states that the statue of Theodore Parker will be erected this fall, it is safe to conclude that one long neglected work will at last be finished. The statue has been ready for some time, although few people were aware of the fact, and, stored away in a warehouse, has been awaiting the completion of its pedestal. Five thousand dollars, left in the care of the association by Mr. Nathaniel C. Nash, started the subscription which parishioners of Mr. Parker augmented, and from the list of competing artists, Robert Krauss, a young German sculptor, was selected. It was Mr. Krauss who designed the Crispus Attucks monument on the Common.

There is still another unfinished statue to which mention of the Parker memorial has called attention—the monument by Augustus St. Gaudens in honor of Col. Robert G. Shaw. Col. Shaw, the gallant representative of an old Boston family, commanded the first colored regiment of the North and fell at its head while leading the assault on Fort Wagner. Last Saturday was the anniversary of that desperate fight, in which more than a quarter of the entire regiment of colored men were killed, wounded or missing, and the veterans of the organization appropriately commemorated the occasion in Boston. They had led the brigade on that fatal day, had climbed the parapet under a storm of artillery and musketry, and had retired only when Capt. Emilio, the sole officer above the rank of Lieutenant left for duty, ordered the retreat. Such a regiment deserves to be honored in bronze with its leader.

As the widow of Wendell Phillips—for reasons well understood by those who knew the silver-tongued orator's views—opposed the erection of a statue in her husband's memory, no marble representation of his figure stands with the other statues of Boston, but, instead, a fund is being raised to complete a Wendell Phillips Hall and Institute.

BOSTON, July 21, 1891.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

International Copyright

ENGLISH AUTHORS CELEBRATE THE VICTORY

THE SOCIETY OF AUTHORS celebrated the adoption of the American Copyright act by dining at the Hôtel Métropole, London, on Thursday evening, July 16. Lord Monckswell was in the chair, and among those present were Robert T. Lincoln, United States Minister; Prof. Huxley, James Bryce, M.P.; William Black, Bret Harte, Walter Pater, Lewis Morris, C. D. Warner, Louise Moulton, Brander Matthews, Thomas Hardy, Walter Besant, Sir F. Pollock, Edmund Gosse, H. Rider Haggard, Max O'Rell, Canon Doyle, William Westall, Theodore Watts, Mrs. Oscar Berlinger, Oscar Wilde, Justin McCarthy, Mrs. Mona Caird, W. G. Wills, Mr. Du Maurier, Mr. Skeat, Oscar Browning and Mr. Birrell.

Lord Monckswell, in toasting President Harrison, and the success of the Copyright act, commented upon the friendly feeling shown by Mr. Harrison in extending at once, without demur, the act to England. He thought that clauses existed in the act to which exception might be taken; yet, substantially, the United States had gone as far as could reasonably be expected under the circumstances in meeting the wishes of England. He hoped no vestige of irritation or annoyance would remain either on the part of England or on the part of America to cloud the perfect understanding that ought to subsist between the two peoples so closely allied by blood and so worthy of one another's friendship. Mr. Lincoln replied as follows:—

'It is a great honor to me to have an opportunity of meeting at once so many who are devoting their energies and talents to the instruction and literary entertainment of the great English-speaking race. It is an especial pleasure to do so under the circumstances which make this dinner of the Society of Authors so peculiarly notable to you, in signaling the end of the impatience which has existed for so many years on both sides of the water over the delay in establishing proper relations between the copyright laws of England and those of the United States. It is not strange that this impatience existed. For, while our Governments differ in form, the duties, rights, and privileges of the people of both nations are nearly identical. With their common language and, for the most part, common origin, their equally advanced civilization, their aspirations and modes of thought make them almost one race in the history of the world.

'Under these conditions it long seemed to many—among them myself—almost arbitrary and unreasonable to keep in force a rule of law which denied in each country to the authors of the other, and to them alone, of all the people carrying on the numberless active professions and trades of our present civilization, the property rights which each accorded to its own citizens or to resident authors. In saying this of England as well as of the United States, I speak in view of the fact that it has only just now become certain that a non-resident alien friend may have the benefit of the English copyright law, and that the first official and conclusive declaration to that effect has been called forth by our American act. Between our countries, to a far greater degree than between those using different languages, has the question of reciprocal copyright been a practical one. Consequently opposing interests have been more numerous and powerful in the nature of things. The adhesion reached not very long ago by various countries under the provisions of the Berne convention was far more easily attained than the great arrangement just brought about between England and the United States.

'I am one of those who long thought it ought to be made. I am neither an author nor a publisher, but as a practising lawyer it has never been difficult for me to feel the justice of myself being paid for a written argument, at least for a successful one, irrespective of any question of the nationality of the client. What I thought just for myself I could hardly think unjust for any man, of any nation or any geographical remoteness, from whose mental labor I derived profit or pleasure. Then, too, in feeling this, I but followed the lead of almost every living author of high repute in my own country in wishing them, and especially their younger brethren struggling for their proper places, to be relieved from the involuntary competition of uncompensated foreign authors.

'This is not the time for thrashing over what is now only old straw, but for an exchange of felicitations over the harvest which we believe both of our countries will share. It is beside the real question to speculate in what proportion a division may be made. It is enough that you and your American brothers will no longer see the fruit of your labor reaped by others. If there is no other benefit to the public at large than an easier conscience, much will be gained. But I heartily believe that this is not all that has been provided for. For by these contemporaneous acts of justice to authors—the declaration of your Government and the new legislation of mine—there is not only removed a cause of international irritation, but a new stimulus to study and literary ef-

fort is given that will be long felt on both sides of the Atlantic. 'I am sure you will all join me in hoping for this new phase of our community of interest, and in the anticipation that we will find renewed assurance of an extension in other directions of that good will and understanding which is so important to both countries, and which it is so especially fitting should exist between them.'

A letter from Lord Tennyson was read, in which he said:— 'In the name of the United Kingdom our society congratulates the United States on their great act of justice.' Mr. Bryce toasted the American Copyright League, and Mr. Matthews responded. Prof. Minto proposed 'American Literature'; to this Mr. Warner replied.

AMERICAN-MADE BOOKS NOT TO BE EXCLUDED

THE PRESIDENT of the Board of Trade, the Right Hon. Sir M. E. Hicks-Beach, replying on July 15 to a deputation from the Chamber of Commerce urging the amendment of the Copyright Act, in order to permit the copyrighting of any book without compelling the author, native or alien, to reside in the Kingdom, provided the type is set in a country belonging to the International Copyright Union, said:—

'The great mass of printing and publishing of England is quite outside of the operations of the new American copyright law. Only the book trade will be affected, which is not more than 5 per cent. of the printing trade of the country. We shall soon be able to see what the effect of the American Copyright act will be. I do not think that the time for legislation has come.'

SOME FOREIGN VIEWS OF OUR NEW LAW

A NUMBER of distinguished Europeans have expressed their views on American copyright in letters which are published in whole or in part in *The Western Bookseller*. Jules Verne styles it 'simply the recognition of a material property right.' Hector Malot says 'the standard of our own literature will be raised in the United States' by this bill. Charles Gounod regards literary and artistic property as the most noble, and at the same time the most ill-protected, property of all, and affirms that 'there is a reform—nay, a revolution—to be accomplished in this matter, especially in America.' He hopes that 'this capital point is at last settled according to equity and to the very great honor of civilization.' Ludovic Halévy, Jules Simon, Prof. Freeman and Karl Blind are represented in the collection.

The Fine Arts

List of Casts for the Metropolitan Museum

THE COMMITTEE appointed by the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art 'to extend the Museum collection of casts' has issued, in the form of a quarto of 121 pages, tentative lists of sculptural and architectural objects desirable in such a collection. The volume is intended 'for private circulation among those whose advice is sought in the preparation of final lists to enable them the more readily to make suggestions to the special committee on casts.' These tentative lists 'have been compiled almost wholly by gentlemen not even indirectly connected with the Museum.'

The Chaldean, Assyrian, Persian, Greek and Roman lists of sculptures were prepared by Edward Robinson, Curator of Classical Antiquities of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, who formed the collection of the Slater Memorial Museum at Norwich. He also prepared the Italian and German Renaissance lists, which have since been added to by Prof. A. L. Frothingham, Jr., of Princeton, who also prepared the lists for the early Christian and Mediæval periods and the French Renaissance. The Egyptian list was prepared by Prof. Allan Marquand of Princeton. The architectural list includes only the casts already purchased for the Willard Collection of the Museum by the committee of the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects. A more complete list is in course of preparation. It is expected that the answers from all specialists to whom the lists are sent will be received by next December. The final catalogue will then be printed.

The Committee has already raised \$60,000 of the required sum, and expects to secure the additional \$40,000 in the fall.

Art Notes

AMONG the American artists presented with gold medals at the International Art Exhibition at Berlin is Frederick H. Bridgman, who is well known as a painter of Oriental subjects. He was a pupil of Jerome. Jules Stewart, Walter McEwen and Messrs. Forbes, Stanhope, Story and Shannon were also among the fortunate ones.

—Mr. Montgomery Schuyler begins in the August *Harper's* a series of papers on the architecture of typical Western cities, the

first two of which will afford a glimpse of the architecture of Chicago.

—Mr. A. L. Snowden, United States Minister to Greece and Servia, before leaving Athens for the United States, presented Dr. Charles Waldstein, Director of the American School of Archaeology, with the medal and diploma awarded to the Archaeological Institute by the Committee of the Paris Exhibition.

Mr. Lang on the Art of Mark Twain

[*The Illustrated News of the World*]

THE DUTY of self-examination is frequently urged upon us by moralists. No doubt we should self-examine our minds as well as our conduct now and then, especially when we have passed the age in which we are constantly examined by other people. When I attempt to conduct this delicate inquiry I am puzzled and alarmed at finding that I am losing Culture. I am backsliding. I have not final perseverance, unless indeed it is Culture that is backsliding and getting on to the wrong lines. For I ought to be cultured: it is my own fault if I have not got Culture.

I have been educated till I nearly dropped; I have lived with the earliest Apostles of Culture, in the days when Chippendale was first a name to conjure with, and Japanese art came in like a raging lion, and Ronsard was the favorite poet, and Mr. William Morris was a poet too, and blue and green were the only wear, and the name of paradise was Camelot. To be sure, I cannot say that I took all this quite seriously, but 'we too have played' at it, and know all about it. Generally speaking, I have kept up with Culture. I can talk (if desired) about Sainte-Beuve, and Mérimée, and Félicien Rops: I could rhyme 'Ballades' when they were 'in,' and knew what a *pantoom* was. I am acquainted with the scholia on the Venetus A. I have a pretty taste in Greek gems. I have got beyond the stage of thinking Mr. Cobden Sanderson a greater binder than Bauzonnet. With practice I believe I could do an epigram of Meleager's into a bad imitation of a sonnet by Joachim du Bellay, or a sonnet of Bellay's into a bad imitation of a Greek epigram. I could pass an examination in the works of M. Paul Bourget. And yet I have not Culture. My works are but a tinkling brass, because I have not Culture. For Culture has got into new regions where I cannot enter, and what is perhaps worse, I find myself delighting in a great many things which are under the ban of Culture.

This is a dreadful position, which makes a man feel like one of those Liberal politicians who are always 'sitting on the fence,' and who follow their party, if follow it they do, with the reluctant acquiescence of the prophet's donkey. Not that I do follow it. I cannot rave with pleasure over Tolstoi, especially as he admits that 'The Kreutzer Sonata' is not 'only his fun' but a kind of Manifesto. I have tried Hartmann, and I prefer Plato. I don't like poems by young ladies in which the verses neither scan nor rhyme, and the constructions are all linguistically impossible. I am shaky about Blake, though I am stalwart about Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

This is not the worst of it. Culture has hardly a new idol but I long to hurl things at it. Culture can scarcely burn anything, but I am impelled to sacrifice to that same. I am coming to suspect that the majority of Culture's modern disciples are a mere crowd of very slimly educated people, who have no natural taste or impulse; who do not really know the best things in literature; who have a feverish desire to admire the newest thing, to follow the latest artistic fashion; who prate about 'style' without the faintest acquaintance with the ancient examples of style, in Greek, French, or English; who talk about the classics and criticise the classical critics and poets, without being able to read a line of them in the original. Nothing of the natural man is left in these people; their intellectual equipment is made up of ignorant vanity, and eager desire of novelty, and a yearning to be in the fashion.

Take, for example—and we have been a long time in coming to him—Mark Twain. If you praise him among persons of Culture, they cannot believe that you are serious. They call him a Barbarian. They won't hear of him, they hurry from the subject; they pass by on the other side of the way. Now I do not mean to assert that Mark Twain is 'an impeccable artist,' but he is just as far from being a mere coarse buffoon. Like other people, he has his limitations. Even Mr. Gladstone, for instance, does not shine as a Biblical critic, nor Mark Twain as a critic of Italian art nor as a guide to the Holy Land. I have abstained from reading his work on an American at the Court of King Arthur, because here Mark Twain is not, and cannot be, at the proper point of view. He has not the knowledge which would enable him to be a sound critic of the ideal of the Middle Ages. An Arthurian Knight in New York or in Washington would find as much to blame, and justly, as a Yankee at Camelot. Let it be admitted that Mark

Twain often and often sins against good taste, that some of his waggeries are mechanical, that his books are full of passages which were only good enough for the corner of a newspaper.

If the critics are right who think that art should so far imitate nature as to leave things at loose ends, as it were, not pursuing events to their conclusions, even here 'Huckleberry Finn' should satisfy them. It is the story of the flight down the Mississippi of a white boy and a runaway slave. The stream takes them through the fringes of life on the riverside; they pass feuds and murders of men, and towns full of homicidal loafers, and are intermingled with the affairs of families, and meet friends whom they would wish to be friends always. But the current carries them on: they leave the murders unavenged, the lovers in full flight; the friends they lose for ever; we do not know, any more than in reality we would know, 'what became of them all.' They do not return, as in novels, and narrate their later adventures.

As to the truth of the life described, the life in little innocent towns, the religion, the Southern lawlessness, the feuds, the lynchings, only persons who have known this changed world can say if it be truly painted, but it looks like the very truth, like an historical document. Already 'Huckleberry Finn' is an historical novel, and more valuable, perhaps, to the historian than 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' for it is written without partisanship, and without 'a purpose.' The drawing of character seems to be admirable, unsurpassed in its kind. By putting the tale in the mouth of the chief actor, Huck, Mark Twain was enabled to give it a seriousness not common in his work, and to abstain from comment. Nothing can be more true and more humorous than the narrative of this outcast boy, with a heart naturally good, with a conscience torn between the teachings of his world about slavery and the promptings of his nature. In one point Mark Twain is Homeric, probably without knowing it. In the *Odyssey*, Odysseus frequently tells a false tale about himself, to account for his appearance and position when disguised on his own island. He shows extraordinary fertility and appropriateness of invention, wherein he is equalled by the feigned tales of Huckleberry Finn. The casual characters met on the way are masterly: the woman who detects Huck in a girl's dress; the fighting families of Shepherdson and Grangerford; the homicidal Colonel Sherborne, who cruelly shoots old Boggs, and superbly quells the mob of would-be lynchings; the various old aunts and uncles; the negro Jim; the two wandering impostors; the hateful father of Huck himself. Then Huck's compliment to Miss Mary Jane, whom he thought of afterwards 'a many and a many million times,' how excellent it is! 'In my opinion she had more sand in her than any girl I ever see; in my opinion she was just full of sand. It sounds like flattery, but it ain't no flattery. And when it comes to beauty—and goodness, too—she lays over them all.' No novel has better touches of natural description; the starlit nights on the great river, the storms, the whole landscape, the sketches of little rotting towns, of the woods, of the cotton-fields, are simple, natural, and visible to the mind's eye. The story, to be sure, ends by lapsing into burlesque, when Tom Sawyer insists on freeing the slave, whom he knows to be free already, in a manner accordant with 'the best authorities.' But even the burlesque is redeemed by Tom's real unconscious heroism. There are defects of taste, or passages that to us seem deficient in taste, but the book remains a nearly flawless gem of romance and of humor. The world appreciates it, no doubt, but 'cultured critics' are probably unaware of its singular value. A two-shilling novel by Mark Twain, with an ugly picture on the cover, 'has no show,' as Huck might say, and the great American novel has escaped the eyes of those who watch to see this new planet swim into their ken. And will Mark Twain never write such another? One is enough for him to live by, and for our gratitude, but not enough for our desire.

ANDREW LANG.

Recipes for Novel-Making

[The St. James's Gazette]

OWING to the increasing amount of attention now being paid by men, women, and children of all classes of intellect and profession to the interesting amusement of writing novels, it is thought (writes 'Egomet,' in an amusing brochure published in *Murray's Magazine*) that it may not be out of place to offer to the writing public the following little compendium of the principles adopted by our most successful modern authors. The compiler trusts that it may at least contribute to save the beginner from the necessity of a distressingly lengthened survey of their works, the dislike of which ordeal, it is to be feared, not unfrequently drives him to the desperate measure of observing human nature at first hand. We can only present our readers with a small selection from 'Egomet's' recipes:—

ARTIST. A limp creature in long hair and knickerbockers.

ATHEIST. If introduced, always the most virtuous man in the book.

BARONET. A bold, bad man; something like a French marquis, but younger.

BARRISTER. As bad as a baronet, but not so bold.

CONFESSION. When you have got the story into such a hopeless mess that your murder cannot by any other possibility be discovered, then naturally your murderer will confess.

CONFIDENCE. A secret told to a friend and confided by him to others.

CURATE. Is expected to use bad language once in the book.

DOCUMENTS. When intended to be destroyed are torn up, never burnt, or how could they subsequently be pieced together?

DUCHESS. Is 'dear,' portly, and respectable.

EYES. Violet for heroine; brown for honesty; grey for cruelty.

FIRE. Only breaks out when girls are desired to appear in *déshabille*. See, therefore, that the fire never occurs during the daytime.

FRENCH. Is the language authors believe themselves to be using when they introduce and italicize words which they know are not English.

INGENUITY. A useful novelistic fiction.

LOVERS. The rule is, 'Two to each girl, if good; one apiece to the rest; one rejected lover at least to remain single all his life.'

NURSE. Avoid young women who nurse male friends with a view to matrimony. This use of illness has been done to death.

PLAGIARISM. It is generally conceded that this is impossible, therefore copy freely.

SECRETS. Are always divulged except when first mentioned towards the close of the book. The methods of divulging are six: 1, by leaving about papers on which the secret is written; 2, by talking loudly in the presence of those from whom it is desired the secret should be kept; 3, by somnambulism or talking in sleep; 4, by delirium; 5, by visions in dreams; and 6, by blotting-paper.

SOCIAL NOVEL. A blue book with a yellow back.

UNCLE (*Avunculus legans*). A person who makes money presents and leaves unexpected legacies. He must be carefully distinguished from the Fleet-street variety, *Avunculus triplicaris*.

WIFE. If introduced as such at the commencement, a little dallying with the serpent is expected.

WILL. Is made to be altered, left about, or lost—if irretrievably, then see that a subsequent and more equitable will is discovered.

WORLD. Consists of Great Britain, Paris, the Riviera, Rome, Naples, Venice and Homburg. Some novelists believe that there are other places, and occasionally allude to them; but it is unsafe to venture beyond the localities indicated.

Letters in Chicago

[Eugene Field, in the Chicago News]

AS A PRODUCER of literature Chicago long ago took her place among the nations of the world. Contemporaneous civilizations, hitherto slow to recognize her pre-eminent worth, and envious, perhaps, of her sudden and brilliant development, are at last compelled to acknowledge that the position she has achieved is indeed a commanding one. Chicago has always been imbued with a true literary instinct; but as the tender sapling must needs be inclined, and as the little flower must needs be nurtured, and as human genius itself must needs be cherished and schooled, in order to insure the shade, the fragrance and the accomplishment which lie within the limits of possibility, so has it been necessary that Chicago, gifted beyond the ordinary, should undergo a season of discipline before blossoming out into that splendid estate in which we now find her. This season of probation has been a long and tedious one, and we rejoice that it is ended.

A notable literary taste has been diffused among our people. We have had learned and graceful works from the pens of such pioneer authors as Head, Bristol, Poole, Mathews, Kirkland, Browne, McGovern, Read, Freiburger and others; the example afforded by these vigorous and gifted precursors, *avant-coureurs* and prodromos, no less than their fascinating writings themselves, has engendered in the bosoms of the multitude an ambition toward exploits in the realm of literary composition—an ambition most praiseworthy in its sincerity, ingenuity, earnestness and steadfastness.

'How shall we set about the endeavors to which we are inclined?' is the question that has been asked over and over again. This Macedonian cry has finally (we rejoice to see) been answered by the appearance of a volume entitled 'The Complete Chicago Letter Writer, with a Glossary,' an essay calculated and likely to cultivate a pure and beautiful literary style in the midst of us, so that even as he who runs may read, so also he who hustles may write—aye, in good sooth, and write orateily and persuasively. When

one achieves a correct epistolary style he has mastered the most difficult part of the literary art. There is none that will deny this. Indeed, we all know that the most charming literature that has survived the wreck of years comes to us in the letters of the ancients—those of Pliny, of Sempronius, of Horace, of Tiresias, of Chesterfield and of St. Paul. A careful study of the 'Complete Letter-Writer, with a Glossary,' just spawned in the midst of us, is certain to raise up in Chicago a host of *littérateurs* whose performances will put to the blush all previous undertakings and all anterior undertakers.

Messrs. Rand, McNally & Co., the well-known perpetrators of railway and township maps, are the publishers of these interesting and valuable books, which are now for sale at every shop and newsstand in Cook County. The authors of the work are six in number, three having done the first part, and three the second. The work itself treats first of letters of sentiment, and this delicate part has been most skillfully performed by Messrs. J. M. Sweaty and P. Tomlins Baggs, and Mrs. Niobe Sears, the famous West Side poetess. Part II. is the result of the united efforts of Messrs. A. J. Shucks, W. M. Bigosh and Lyman Fogg, representing respectively our Board of Trade, our packing-house interests and our real-estate market, while the whole noble scheme has been supervised by Prof. G. Chaucer Honeybrass, A.M., D.V., Emeritus Professor of Chirography and Chiropody in the South Chicago Classical and Veterinary Institute. Most conscientiously and fully has this corps of savants wrought; the result of their labors will stand forever as a monument to their genius and as a beacon light to all farers upon the tempestuous main of literature, dispelling the mists of ignorance and inviting with its benign coruscations the weary mariner into the reposeful haven of Literary Superexcellence. * * *

[Specimen letters follow.]

Current Criticism

AMERICAN LITERATURE OF TO-DAY.—The nervous effects of the rapidity with which men and women live in the New World are accentuated by influences of climate. A certain delicacy of feature, grace of movement, neatness of pose, distinguishes both the mental and physical products of the country. Its literature, like its beauty, belongs to nervous, highly-strung, keenly-susceptible organizations. American artists are dexterous in management of lights and shades; they dispose sketches upon the canvas with the cleverness of French masters. American poets call up graceful images in graceful words, and invest common life with an air of refinement. American thought is apt to be superficial. Their thinkers rarely think a thing out; they are suggestive rather than forcible; they play with their difficulties as cats play with mice; they rarely grapple with problems and squeeze from them their life. Their theologians expatiate on creeds which are networks of dogmatic mysticism, or compounds of Puritanism with transcendental sentiment. American humor is rarely of a rollicking kind; it is dry, not rich; fine rather than deep; subtle, not broad. It depends upon quick perceptions of analogies or upon exaggerations of facts rather than upon a broadly comic sensibility. Americans have produced no plays which deserve the name, and in power of dramatic invention they are deficient. Their voices, like their laughter, are seldom rich or rounded, as though they proceeded from hidden recesses of being. Their variety of the English language is modified so as to gain time. Their utterance is rapid; they drop their voices at the end of a sentence in their hurry to reach the next; their idioms are compressed; even their spelling is clipped. Cold, self-possessed, precocious, alert, keen-witted, Americans seem wanting in fervor, passion, repose, and expansiveness. Their versatility is phenomenal, but the gift is dangerous if it dissipates powers or squanders talents. Few writers devote themselves to letters as their sole vocation with the self-devotion by which alone the highest literary work is produced. Novel-writing is not undertaken by persons who have any special aptitude for the work. It forms an interlude in the literary life of writers who are also versifiers, critics, essayists, biographers, and journalists. —*The Edinburgh Review*.

'VAMPIRE LITERATURE.'—Not long ago a very fashionably-attired young woman called at the office of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice and asked to see the writer. She wanted to know if it was against the law to publish a 'spicy book.' I looked at her in amazement, as she was young, of slight form and very intelligent appearance, when, with perfect *sang froid*, she informed me that she was an actress and had written a 'peculiar book,' which she unblushingly described, to bring her name prominently before the public. She had taken her manuscript to a publisher, who, after looking it over, had advised her to submit it to our Society. She then inquired if I would promise not to touch

the book if she could secure a publisher for it. Being informed that such a book would surely be seized if published, she wished to know if she could not pay us not to attack the book if published as she had prepared it! Pains were taken to inform her of the various decisions of the courts of England and this country, and she was advised, with great minuteness, of the law and its bearings upon such publications. Receiving a very emphatic negative to her delicate proposition that she should pay some money not to have her book attacked, she next asked whether, if she should change the book so as to make it conform to the law, we would not 'attack it just a little,' and seize a few copies if she paid us for doing so, so as to attract attention to her book and get the newspapers to notice it. This proposition brought only another disappointment to her hopes. She said she did not care about any odium from publishing the book; the only thing she was anxious about was that we should promise not to arrest her, as she did not want to be arrested and locked up. It was suggested to her that she had better submit her manuscript for examination. She said she would, only she was afraid it was so bad that we would destroy it. We assured her that if her manuscript was of a doubtful character we would submit it to the District Attorney for his opinion, and be bound by that opinion. She finally left, expressing sorrow and regret that she had come to our office, as now she would not dare publish her book, as she had set her heart upon doing.—*Anthony Comstock, in The North American Review*.

Notes

Lippincott's for August contains 'A Daughter's Heart,'—a complete novel, by Mrs. Lovett Cameron—to which is prefixed a portrait of the author. There is a full report in this number of the celebration of Walt Whitman's seventy-second birthday (May 30). Speaking of his latest and last work, 'Good-Bye, my Fancy,' Whitman says:—'The little book is a lot of tremolos about old age, death, and faith. The physical just lingers, but almost vanishes. The book is garrulous, irascible (like old Lear), and has various breaks and even tricks to avoid monotony.'

'Just Impediment' will be the next volume in Lippincott's Series of Select Novels. It is an English story, by Richard Pryce. Another romance from the same press is entitled 'A Sketch in the Ideal.' A new edition of 'In and Out of Book and Journal,' by Dr. Sydney Roberts, in paper covers, is about to appear.

—Dr. W. J. Rolfe sails for Europe on the Cunard 'liner' leaving Boston to-day. He will be gone about two months. This is his ninth trip abroad in the last nine years.

—The letters written by Dickens to Wilkie Collins during the years of their intimate companionship are to be published in *Harper's Monthly*. They have been edited by Georgina Hogarth, and (with further comment by Laurence Hutton) will be given in three instalments, the first of which will appear in the September magazine. They represent Dickens in the most active and successful period of his literary career (1851-69). 'Europe's Politics and War Prospects' will be the topic of an article in the same number by Mr. Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*.

—Mr. A. B. Starey, editor of *Harper's Young People*, sailed for Europe on Wednesday, to be absent until October. Mr. Kirk Munroe will take his place, as he did the last time Mr. Starey revisited his native land.

—Mr. Benjamin R. Tucker of Boston issues to-day the first number of a *Weekly Bulletin* of Newspaper and Periodical Literature. Its chief feature will be a classified catalogue of 'all the important articles appearing in the periodical press of the United States and the British Provinces, daily, weekly, monthly, etc.'

—English periodical literature is to receive an immediate addition on the Continent, in the shape of *The Tauchnitz Magazine*, a monthly miscellany.

—Mr. Fisher Unwin is projecting a series of small books for young readers, to be called the Children's Library. The first volume, 'The Brown Owl,' by Ford H. Hueffer, a son of the late Dr. Hueffer, will be illustrated by the author's grandfather, Mr. Ford Maddox Brown.

—Mrs. French-Sheldon, the plucky Englishwoman who headed an expedition into the heart of the Kilmarjaro region, Africa, has arrived at Naples, where her husband met her. She was still weak from the illness which seized her just before leaving Africa, but was well enough to proceed slowly to London by the overland route. Her illness mainly resulted from a severe fall while descending steep slopes to reach Lake Chala. Mrs. Sheldon says that her trip was a complete success, and that she more than completed the program arranged. She managed the caravan splendidly, visited all the Kilmarjaro tribes and returned to the coast through German

territory, where she was cordially treated by the natives. The singular nature of the expedition awakened curiosity and assured kind treatment all along the route. Mrs. Sheldon was born in America, and is a granddaughter of Sir Isaac Newton.

—A new publishing-house has just been established in London, says *The Athenæum*, 'under a style once the most famous in the trade, Archibald Constable & Co., the principal being a grandson and namesake of Scott's "prince of booksellers."' Mr. Constable, during a long residence in India, became interested in Oriental literature and will make a specialty of the publication of books connected with the East. His office at 14 Parliament Street is almost next door to the India Office.

—Mr. John Habberton, author of 'Helen's Babies,' has written for the *Ledger* a novel called 'The Chautauquans,' dealing with characters interested in the Chautauqua movement.

—We regret to hear of the death of Mr. T. A. Browne ('Rolf Boldrewood'), author of 'Robbery under Arms,' the Australian novel recently praised by Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Browne, who was a police magistrate in New South Wales, was over sixty years of age. His stories originally appeared in *The Town and Country Journal* of Sydney, where they attracted little attention.

—Miss Iza Duffus-Hardy, only surviving child of the late Sir Thomas Duffus-Hardy, has been granted a pension of 100*l.* on the Civil List. Miss Hardy has claims to this recognition, apart from the literary services of her father and mother.

—At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Library Association held at Boston on July 16, the resignation of President Melvil Dewey was accepted. S. S. Green, Librarian of the Free Public Library of Worcester, Mass., was chosen President, and F. P. Hill of Newark, N. J., Secretary. Plans for an exhibit of library interests at the Chicago World's Fair were discussed. Mr. Dewey, who is Director of the New York State Library, will sail for Europe on August 5, to rest a while in Switzerland, and look farther into University Extension in England.

—D. Lothrop Company have just published 'Here and Beyond,' selected by Carrie A. Cooke, 'The Will and the Way Stories,' by Jessie Benton Frémont; 'Verses,' by Celia Thaxter; 'National Flowers,' by Fannie A. Deane; and 'The Christmas Book,' by Hezekiah Butterworth.

—*Public Opinion* has awarded \$300 in prizes for the best three papers on our trade relations with Canada.

—'The Wrecker,' a new serial by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne, begins in the August *Scribner's*, which is a Fiction Number, containing in addition five complete short stories. Several of the leading characters in 'The Wrecker' are Americans, and one of them is Jim Pinkerton, an American advertising man. Andrew Lang, writing of 'Piccadilly' in the same magazine, says: 'The spectator may fancy he beholds diplomatists, and no doubt a novelist or a poet or two may be watched looking out of the bay-window of the Savile, and all sorts and conditions of men do eternally walk up or down Piccadilly. But it cannot be called a specially lion-haunted shore.'

—The Danish Government recently brought suit against the author Madsen, the translator of the novel 'Bel-Ami,' by Maupassant, which appeared in one of the journals of Copenhagen, and the result is that he will be imprisoned one month, and the issues of the paper containing the novel confiscated.

—A portrait of Miss Alice Fletcher accompanies an interesting sketch of that well-known authority on matters relating to the American Indian in *The Business Woman's Journal* for July.

—Messrs. Harper are bringing out 'Dally,' by Maria Louise Poole; 'The Uncle of an Angel, and Other Stories,' by Thomas A. Janvier; 'A Man's Conscience,' by Avery Macalpine; and 'Tales of Two Countries,' translated by William Archer from the Swedish of Alexander Kielland. The last-named volume, in the Odd Number Series, will have an introduction by Prof. Boyesen.

—The death is announced of Pedro Antonio Alarcón, the Spanish author and politician. He was born in 1833, and belonged to the democratic and anti-Bourbon Colonia Granadina at Madrid. His poems, tales and political pieces are subjective, and even autobiographic. His 'Strange Friend of Tito Gil' (the friend being Death), translated by Mrs. Frances J. A. Darr, was published here last December by A. Lovell & Co.; and 'Moors and Christians, and Other Tales,' translated by Mrs. Mary J. Serrano, appeared last month under the imprint of the Cassell Publishing Co.

—A Berlin journal says that Björnsterne Björnson has retired from his political activity and returned to literary pursuits, having found that the political tasks which he had taken upon himself absorbed all his time.

—Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, 'The Scapegoat,' in *The Illustrated London News*, is a story of Morocco, and opens in Tetuan in 1859, with a description of the barbaric splendor of the entrance into the town of the Sultan Abdurrahman not long before the Spaniards took possession. The author is almost recovered from the nervous exhaustion from which he suffered after his visit to Morocco.

—Two veterans in the field of philosophical literature have brought out new books in London this month. Mr. Herbert Spencer's contribution is 'Justice' (Part IV. of his Principles of Ethics), and Dr. James Martineau's is the third and final volume of 'Essays, Reviews and Addresses.' Mr. Spencer is much improved in health. Dr. Martineau, who was born in 1805, is his elder by fifty years.

—The third volume of the Talleyrand memoirs covers the period from 1815 to 1830, that is to say, from the fall of Bonaparte and the return of Louis XVIII. under the protection of the Allied Armies to the Revolution of July, 1830, which overthrew Charles X., the last King of France. The volume is brought to a close with the accession of Louis Philippe as 'King of the French' under a constitutional regime.

—Mr. Newnes has decided to turn *Tit-Bits* and *The Strand Magazine* into a limited liability company, with a capital of 400,000*l.*, in 400,000 1*l.* shares. Of these the greater portion will be retained by Mr. Newnes, 150,000 being offered to news-agents, advertisers, etc., at 25*s.* each—that is, 5*s.* premium. The company will be called George Newnes (Limited), and Mr. Newnes guarantees 10 per cent. interest for five years. *Tit-Bits* is said to sell 550,000 copies weekly and *The Strand* 200,000 monthly.

—In our report, last week, of the meeting of the American Philological Association, Dr. E. G. Sihler's name was misspelt, and also that of Edward Capps of Yale. The University of Virginia should have been included in the list of colleges represented.

—*Brains* is the title of 'a semi-monthly journal for literary folk' just started at Meadville, Pa. It is of the same shape and size as *The Critic*. 'The Art of Fiction,' by ex-Judge Tourgee, is the chief article in the first number; and there are letters from New York, Boston, Chicago and the Pacific coast. *The Agora* is the name borne by a new quarterly published at Salina, Kansas. The first number contains a review of a book by Thomas Brower Peacock, whose poetry is declared to be, 'like everything Kansan,' 'good and bad, superb and terrible, rich and barren, moist and droughty, but withal original, vigorous and effective.'

—'The friends of Christie Murray may expect him home in a day or two,' says the *London Star*. 'The name of the popular novelist is on the passenger list of the steamer Oruba, which was timed to leave Australia for London on May 20. Mr. Murray may not have exactly made a fortune in hard cash during his two years' stay in the Colonies, but he has done the next best thing—stored an observant mind with a great variety of colonial impressions and novel types of character, whose acquaintance we shall doubtless make in Mr. Murray's future fiction. He has besides written and produced two Australian plays, "Chums" and "Gratitude," and he is credited with a determined resolve to place both of them on the London boards. As part-proprietor of a dramatic company that toured through Australia and New Zealand, playing himself such characters as hit his fancy, he must have gained some useful information on the inside aspect of stage-land.'

Publications Received

[RECIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

- | | |
|---|--|
| Black, W. Donald Ross of Heimra. 50c..... | Harper & Bros. |
| Burnham, S. M. Struggles of the Nation. 2 vols. \$6..... | Boston: Lee & Shepard. |
| Drayton, H. S. Vacation Time. 25c..... | Fowler & Wells. |
| Farjeon, B. L. Ties—Human and Divine. 50c..... | John W. Lovell Co. |
| Guyau, J. M. Education and Heredity. \$1.25..... | Chas. Scribner's Sons. |
| Hawthorne, J., and Lemmon, L. American Literature. \$1.25..... | Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. |
| Ireland, A. Life of Jane Welsh Carlyle..... | Chas. L. Webster & Co. |
| Kimball, J. C. Zoölogy as Related to Evolution. 10c..... | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Loti, P. Romance of a Child. 25c..... | Rand, McNally & Co. |
| Newton, R. H. Church and Creed. 75c..... | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Oregon School Report. 1889-90..... | Salem, Oregon. |
| Overland Monthly. Vol. XVII. Jan.—June, 1891..... | San Francisco: Overland Monthly Pub. Co. |
| Ross, C. Adventures of Three Worthies. 75c..... | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Sanborn, K. Adopting an Abandoned Farm. 50c..... | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Seawell, M. E. Maid Marian, and Other Stories. 50c..... | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Shakespeare, W. (Bankside Edition.) Pericles. Ed. by A. Morgan..... | Shakespeare Society of New York. |
| Stephens, H. M. Story of Portugal. \$1.25..... | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Tales for a Stormy Night. Trans. by S. W. Longworth, etc. 50c..... | Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co. |
| Wesley on Oratory. 10c..... | Hunt & Eaton. |
| Whedon's Commentary. Old Testament. Vol. II. \$2..... | Hunt & Eaton. |
| Wilcox, E. W. How Salvador Won, and Other Recitations. 50c..... | E. S. Werner. |
| Wulling, F. J. Evolution of Botany. 10c..... | D. Appleton & Co. |

G. P. Putnam's Sons,

27 and 29 West 23d St.,
NEW YORK.

PUBLISH THIS WEEK:

EOTHEN. Pictures of Eastern TRAVEL. By A. W. KINGLAKE. (No. XXXIII in the Knickerbocker Nugget Series.) \$1.00.

"Eothen," says the author, "is taken from the Greek *ēōthen*, which signifies 'from the early dawn,' or 'from the East.'"

CALIFORNIA AND ALASKA, AND OVER THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. By DR. WILLIAM SEWARD WEBB. Popular Edition. 8vo, illustrated, \$2.25.

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THE CORPORATION PROBLEM.

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*List of Fall Announcements and prospectus of the Knickerbocker Nugget Series, sent on application.

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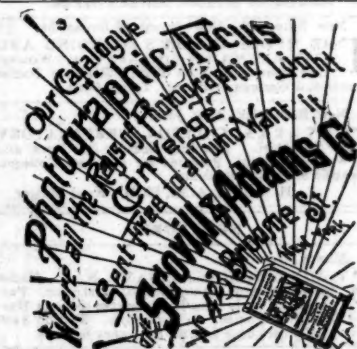
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